All the Maidens.

Oh, blessed he in all wise,
Who hath drunk the Living
Fountain,
Whose life no folly staineth,
And his soul is near to God,
Whose sins are lifted, pall-wise,
As he worships on the Mountain,
Amid where Cybele ordaineth,
Our Mother, he has trod:

His head, with ivy laden
And his thyrsus tossing
high,
For our God he lifts his
cry!
"Up, O Race hue, wife and
maiden,
Come, O ye Bacchae,
come:
Oh, bring the Iov-bestower,
God-seed of God the Sower,
Bring Hromios in his power
From Phrygians
mountain dome
To street and town and
tower.
Oh, bring ye Bromios
home!"

Whom erst in anguish lying
For an unborn life's desire,
As a dead thing in the
Thunder
His mother cast to earth,
For her heart was divining dying,
In the white heart of the fire;
Till Zens, the Lord of Wonder,
Devised new lairs of birth;

Yea, his own flesh tore to
hide him,
And with clasps of bitter
gold
Did a secret son enfold,